INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

President General—Mrs. Cynthia W. Allen, Headquarters—96 Fifth Avenue, New York. State President, Florida, Mrs. Mary L. Bradt, 211 West Adams, S. Jacksonville.

"Have you a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given for you alone,
Pass it on;
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on;

Motto—Good Cheer.
Colors—Yellow and white.
State Color—Deep Orange.
Flower—Coreopsis.
Song—"Scatter Sunshine."

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

IMPRESSIONS.

Toilers.

(Lines suggested by the Donahue statue "To Mechanics," San Francisco, Douglas Tilden, sculptor).

The toilers look upon it and are strong,
And learn at length the dignity of toil.

Behold the master-workman, and behold
How Labor conquers all!—Old Tubalcain
Hath still great sons, firm grit and swathed in brawn,
Fashioned for mighty deeds in brass and iron.
This shaft shall breast the Titan of the seas
That laughs at storms, or rib the iron horse
Thundering resistless over continents,
Defying mountains and the flinty rocks.

He knows whereto he works, that aged man,
Whose eagle eye rivets the whirring drill;
He knows the vast, deep purposes beyond,
He knows the worth of man. Like Angelo
His hands have wrought terrible things with power.
(Thus Labor would make masters of us all.
Sculpturous bodies fit for Phidias
And minds of wisdom ripe for will and deed).
He shall pass; but from his lions have sprung
Daughters and sons, and grandchildren have sat
Upon his knees. When the tall redwood fall,
Around the stump new lusty scions tower,
Straight-limbed and sure, as lordly to the skies;
The solemn grandeur of majestic sires
Fades not away.—Behold the sons of toil,
Mighty to do and mighty to endure,
The kingly servants of high enterprise,
All labor-knit in love, and knowing well
To honor and to rule and to obey.

Harrold Johnson.

These vigorous and forceful lines were written in compliance with a request, by Harrold Johnson, still a very young man.

"The Gleaners" and "The Toilers," his poems, will stand comparison with "The Man With the Hoe," When Edwin Markham clasped hands with Mr. Johnson on this side the Atlantic he welcomed a kindred spirit and a true and appreciative exponent of his thought.—Dora Amsden.

Both the statue and the poem suggest the highest ideals of Greek art and poetry. We feel the grandeur of the statue and the many-sidedness of the poem; the titanic force of one, the imaginative insight of the other, and find harmony and satisfaction, a sense of the mystery of things, and the mighty power which characterize the capacities of the world's greatest age, when Sophocles maintained in the face of life's problems that perfect sanity of mind and serenity of temper which we have come to regard as traits pre-eminently Greek.

Be his
My special thanks, whose ever-balanced soul
From first youth tested up to extreme old age;
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild,
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole. —A. S. Murray.

These explanations and interpolations with the grandeur and beauty of statue and poem, products of our own age, characterize its capacity also to desire that perfect poise of mind and body which the ancients longed to portray and express.

So, suffer and be strong, finding in labor the opportunity to embody all the sterner traits of our humanity, united to the gentler graces, cemented by moral and spiritual qualities. Thus may our future statues and poems inspired by them more and more blend exquisite grace of form, majesty of intellect, and holiness of purity.

OF THE CHILD IN OUR MIDST.

Those Children Who Labor.

And these children who go to work so young forget what they have learned at school, their minds become blank, like a smudgy, dirty slate. In one of the pamphlets published by the Child Labor Committee, many instances are given of the way in which children forget what they have learned in school. One little girl left school at eleven to go to work, and now she can neither read nor write. Another began work at twelve years of age. She is now fifteen and serves in a restaurant, but she is in constant fear of losing her work because she cannot read the bill of fare.

Let us hope and pray and strive, so that some day there will be no young people under eighteen years of age working in factories in America; but all will go to school and enjoy long summer vacations in the country.

Just how this special problem of child labor is to be met by law at present, it is difficult to decide. Wise people do not think it right to take children away from the control of their fathers and mothers, except in exreme cases where the fathers and mothers are proven wholly unfit. Home life is the best life for a child, even when there is poverty in the home. What we need to do is to educate the fathers and mothers, especially the mothers, as to how to take care of the bodies and souls of their children; how to give them a chance to grow to be strong, unselfish men and women, able and willing to take care of their parents.

There are laws to regulate the labor of children in factories; few laws, to be sure, often badly enforced and easily broken, but still laws; and the people of the United States are beginning to insist that the laws shall be kept, and that new and better ones shall be made, to protect the children who are to be the strength of the nation. But there are now laws to protect the children from being overworked at home.

It is an education to know the home-working children of the tenements, because until you know them you never appreciate how magnificently unselfish a child may be. —The Churchman.

"It would be hard to make a plea for our little ones that will touch your hearts more than these lines from Maxwell's Talisman:

"Just look at all the faces of the children peering out,
So wistfully from the tenements, that you could cheer, no doubt,
And then there's many a cripple wee that lies upon a cat,
And just a blooming rose would bring the sunshine to his lot.
The world is full of little hearts that crave but just to know
The little kindness you could give and brighten to a glow;
Be, be a cheerful giver, then, and if your purse be thin,
Just give the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

Working Children in the Tenements.

(By Lillian W. Betts, author of Leaven in a Great City.)

It was growing dark rapidly one evening last winter as I hurried through the snowstorm toward home, However, the storm and the street became a welcome relief from a disagreeable boy who could be very agreeable.

As I walked along, thinking of the boy, wondering what kind of a man he would make, I heard peals of laughter, and the sound of children's voices; again the laughter. I hurried to find this jolly crowd, to laugh with them. The little girl was seated on the stump of a broom. The two boys were her horses, prancing, trotting, curveting, in fine mettle, to the little girl's delight.

The boys were without overcoats, the little girl wore a jacket much too small for her. They were pinched and blue with the cold, thin for lack of proper food, yet I doubt if in the city of New York at that time a happier group of children could have been found. You pitied them, and laughed with them, they were so jolly. They were poor, very poor, yet they were rich, for they had learned the secret of getting happiness and pleasure out of what they had.

If I were asked, I think I would say that this is the difference between the children of the wealthy and the children of the tenements. The children of the tenements do not ask for things. They learn, oh, so early, that it is useless. They learn to make their pleasures with things that do not cost money. It makes their pleasures often rough, often of the kind that disturbs others, yet it teaches them the possibilities of an old broom in a snowstorm.

There is another advantage the children of the tenements have: They learn so soon that they are of use in the house. They begin going to the store when they are so little that they cannot see the top of the counter, and the grocer has to lean over the counter to see them. The money they carry back and forth on these errands must be wrapped in paper to prevent their losing it. The grocers in the tenement districts become experts in baby language, because they have to interpret the meaning of these little customers so often. With the money fast held in chubby hands they climb the steep stairs, often dark, and hard for their short legs to mount, happy and important because they know they have helped mother; she did not have to dress and go out when she had so much work to do, because they could go to the store for her. I know one mother who did not have to buy a hat in eighteen years. She said she had no use for one, "the children did the errands."

When the child of the tenement goes on that very first errand he knows he is no longer a baby; that the time has come when he can join the groups playing on the street; he begins to feel that he is big.

Watch the children of the tenements when a building is being torn down near their homes. See the little boys and girls who, if they were the children of the well-to-do, would still be considered babies, fit subjects for a nurse, stand about in eager competition for the pieces of wood scattered on the street and sidewalks. They will trudge off with loads that will bend them double almost, or go in partnership until the load is so large that two must pull and one push it along the asphalt to get it home. But the children are radiantly happy because they are making a contribution to the family income. They know this wood is as good as money. They know how long a two-cent bundle of wood will last. How they will fight to protect their spoils from bigger and stronger, but less fortunate, gatherers.

They learn before they can speak distinctly what the struggle for existence means. There are no secrets in the tenement-house family, for there is no room for them. The family affairs are freely talked over. The children know what a "strike" is; what delegates are; what "scab" means, before they can read.

The difficulty of paying rent and buying shoes is learned before they can count. The sense of responsibility to reduce this struggle is shown by the boys who sell papers, and black boots before and after school, who struggle for places in grocers' shops and butchers', to carry baskets and bundles; every avenue for earning money is sought.

Little girls get places to care for babies, to do the housework of women who are sick, or who are working to earn money. It is their hour of triumph when these pennies are carried home to mother; while the earnings of the day may be pennies, at the end of the month they may count dollars.

In spite of every effort, these children earn so little, and the needs are sometimes so great that school too soon becomes to them a prison house—it prevents the earning of money. There are hundreds of children who dislike school, dislike the rules, are never interested in school life; they want to earn money for the liberty it gives, for the things its possession will buy them, not because of the family needs. These are the children who make the city problems, for they work or not, as they choose, and add to the idle throngs so readily for mischief, or sin, throwing the shadow of disgrace over the children of the tenements, whom they misrepresent.

The generosity of the children of the tenements is not known. I have counted as friends young men and women who had been wage-earners since they were little children, who never had a whole new suit at one time. If there was money to spare for a hat, there was none for shoes, though both were needed; if money for a jacket, not for a skirt; if for a coat, none for trousers. I know a girl of twenty who has worked since she was twelve, yet she has never had one new garment in her life. She wears the things given to her mother, who goes out washing.

You would pity her if you saw her when she is out of work, her anxiety is so great about her family. "What will they do, if I do not get work?" is her cry.

They do not realize that they are generous; they grow up with the idea firmly fixed in their minds that the reason for going to work is to make the family burden lighter by giving the wages received to mother or father, so the money never seems to be personal, but a gift held in trust until they reach home with it.

Those who give grudgingly are very few comparatively.

None are so unselfish as those who work at home.

They never receive or give the little brown envelope with the magic sum that means home, food and clothes. They are a class by themselves. They are not protected by the child-labor laws.

They can be kept at work before and after school, on Saturdays and Sundays; unless misused this cannot be prevented.

From the confinement and fatigue of schoolwork many suffer, and he all his life also, and lose the power of enjoyment, not from the cruelty of parents, but their need, because there is not money enough to care for him without his contribution.

Parents often weep and rebel at this necessity. Poverty does not make them cruel. You see rare tenderness, heroic struggle among the poor parents to save their children from becoming wage-earners.

The home-working children are so interesting. Katie sat down to sew on "pants," as she would say, as soon as she had eaten the luncheon always ready when she came from school. It was to her mother a time of reun-